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THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1903.

THE MAN TO WIN.

Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, takes the position that no man should be nominated by the Democratic party for the presidency next year who did not support the ticket in 1896 and 1900.

"If we nominate a man who did not support the ticket in 1896 and in 1900," says he, "there would be thousands of Democrats in every part of the country who would refuse to support him."

We have proper respect for party regularity, but it seems to us that the thing for the Democratic party to do next year is to select the best Democrat to lead in the fight, regardless of his vote in 1896 or in 1900. We are more concerned about what a man is than what he has been. If there is an available man, and Democrats are satisfied that he is an honest and conscientious Democrat; that he is true to the principles of Democracy; that he has a reasonable chance of election, and that if elected he will stand up always for Democratic principles and carry out Democratic policies, such a man should not be thrown aside because in 1896 he refused to support free silver. A man is not necessarily a Democrat because he voted the Democratic ticket in 1896, whereas a man may be a good Democrat in spite of the fact that he refused to support free silver.

It seems to us that the time has come for Democrats to put aside all such differences, to let bygones be bygones, to formulate a good, sound Democratic platform, and to nominate a good, honest, vote-winning Democrat for the presidency. But there can be no party harmony, no cordial co-operation, if old grudges are to continue, if old scores are to be settled, and if Democrats are to be discriminated against and put under the ban because in 1896 they supported Palmer and Buckner rather than Bryan and Sewall.

TREES IN VIRGINIA.

Responsive to the Virginia Statute on the subject Governor Montague has issued a proclamation designating April 2nd as Arbor-Day and calling upon our people to observe it by active work in tree-planting.

Well may this State appeal to her loving sons and daughters to repair the devastation that has been going on here for nearly three hundred years. When the first settlers made their homes at Jamestown, and for a long time afterwards, the face of the land was almost concealed by forests. Only here and there was a small opening. So abundant, indeed, seemed the supply of growing timber that the colonists and their descendants acted as if it would be impossible to exhaust it; but we have now arrived at a stage in the history of the Commonwealth when exhaustion soon will be in sight, unless prompt measures be taken to check it. Hence the necessity for Arbor Day, when public attention will be forcibly called to the need for arbor culture and when a concerted popular effort can be made to restore the forests in some degree and beautify our homes also. It would be made more attractive if more as a depressing sight to see a farm house without a tree about it; that, too, in a well-watered land, where a tree only need be planted to thrive and grow.

Every country home should have trees about it; of them there is variety enough to suit every situation, be it in the low country or in the uplands. Our cities, too, trees were planted along their principal streets. Richmond is not as well shaded as it was some decades ago. Hundreds of trees have been sacrificed in the changing of street grades and the damage thus done (perhaps unavoidably) has not been wholly repaired by the setting out of new trees.

Not only should we plant trees, but trees of the right sort—no more worthless exotics; no more short-lived trees of any sort. In that masterly production by Philip A. Bruce, "The Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," there is a chapter on this subject, which might be read with profit by every Virginian. The earliest adventurers exclaimed in terms of admiration and astonishment at the size and height and variety of the trees they found here. The first tree seen by the voyagers was the pine. The walnut and the hickory made up one-fourth of our forests, but more numerous were the oaks. Cypress, too, were found in great abundance in the Tidewater country. The ash was common, and from it soap-ashes were made. As for the cedars, they were compared with those of Lebanon. The sassafras, likewise, was numerous and much of its root was shipped to London. The elm was comparatively rare. The laurel, then, as now, grew in damp places and the locust adorned every valley. So, too, the tulip poplar.

As the settlements were extended westwardly, the sugar maple was discovered. Here at Richmond and at many other

places the chestnut was found growing properly. Hazel trees covered acres of ground in the colony. The only apple tree native to the soil was the crab apple. Cherries and plums, however, were in evidence; also persimmons.

However, we shall not undertake to list here all the Virginia trees mentioned by the early writers and referred to in Mr. Bruce's book. But the fruit mulberry we must not pass unnoticed.

In all this eastern country the mulberry flourished and fruited astonishingly and to this day in nearly every country there are one or more places named "Mulberry Grove;" but the groves, oh, where are they? cut down and rotting. Native mulberry trees are still to be found, but as a rule they are dispersed far and wide. On the New River grounds here there is one tree. In Powhatan county we know of a considerable number. We are talking now of the fruit mulberry, not of the Haytian mulberry; an exotic worth something for the shade it affords, but having a gnarled and warty trunk and roots that rise up and range far and wide.

Yes; we repeat, we are glad Virginia has an Arbor Day, and we trust it will be well observed, especially by the teachers and pupils of the public schools. In the coming years the beneficial effects will be seen by all and become the cause of much rejoicing. For each person who plants a tree the cost is but a trifle and the labor small, but the good done will be great.

UNIQUE FARMVILLE.

The town of Farmville, the capital of Prince Edward county, is enjoying the most remarkable temperance fight on record, and the situation so far as the liquor traffic is concerned is entirely unique. The town for the past several years has supported five bar-rooms, each of which paid the municipality \$100, but now all of these are out of business and the town will get no more revenue from this source. Two years ago, at the earnest solicitation of the temperance people, the Legislature gave Farmville a dispensary law, and the Council proceeded at once to appoint a dispensary board, consisting of three members, turned over to them \$1,000 and instructed them to proceed at once to open a dispensary. They bought a stock of liquors, but then came Judge Hundley, of the Circuit Court, who declared the dispensary law unconstitutional, and issued an injunction forbidding the Dispensary Board to act. The saloons reopened, and up to a few days ago continued to do business at the old stand.

The board, backed by the strong temperance and prohibition sentiment in the town, carried the case to the Court of Appeals, which, about two years ago, reversed Judge Hundley, thus deciding that the saloons were illegally open and that the dispensary could go ahead. In the meantime there had come a change over the dream of the Council, and the members are not so much in favor of a dispensary as they were. Although called in special session by the Mayor on Tuesday, they refused to instruct the Dispensary Board to go ahead. On the contrary, the Council decided that the board could not open up, because the term of one of the members had expired in the meantime. Further consideration of the matter was postponed until April 14th.

The board thinks the two members whose term has not expired can go ahead, and mandamus proceedings against the Council are talked of. There are other questions involved that would probably enable a mandamus to hold good, but the board will perhaps not push the matter. In the meantime the saloon men are advised by counsel not to reopen, as there can be no doubt that the law rules them out. However, they are appealing to the Legislature to repeal the dispensary law, and have a pretty strong delegation here to plead for them. The prohibitionists and temperance folks are highly pleased at the condition of things, and would be delighted if it could be made permanent, for the dispensary was second choice with them, anyhow, and they much prefer prohibition even if it is a prohibition of a unique variety.

THE CLICK MITCHELL CASE.

A negro named Click Mitchell was lynched in Champaign county, Ohio, six years ago. There is a law in Ohio making the county in which a lynching may take place liable for damages. The law was enacted not a great while before Mitchell was strung up, and his heirs brought suit against Champaign county, it being the first case to show up under the new law. The jury very readily gave a verdict for \$5,000, but the county appealed and the case went up to the Supreme Court, that the validity of the new law might be tested. The higher court has sustained the law and the verdict, and the full amount has just been paid over to Mitchell's heirs. A colored lawyer out in Ohio has made quite a reputation in pushing the case to a successful termination. It is believed that one result of this case will be to cause county authorities in Ohio to exercise more zeal in the protection of prisoners.

HOLIDAY BOYS.

Patrick Burke, of Jersey City, is the happy father of four boys, whose ages range from five years to eight days. Each of these youngsters was born on a holiday, and each bears a name that bears some reference to his peculiar birthday. The oldest son was born on Christmas day and he was christened Nicholas. The second saw the light on the 24th of February, and, of course, he is Geo. Washington. The third was born on the 4th of July, and was burdened with "Declaration" for a name. The baby boy was born on the 17th of this month, and, of course, his name is Patrick, in honor of the renowned enemy of snakes. Remarkable quartette has Mr. Patrick Burke.

UNIQUE EXPEDITION.

Dr. J. Charcot, a celebrated Frenchman, who is the possessor of ample means, has planned a peculiar Arctic expedition. He will sail on May 15th at his own expense, but under the auspices of the Pasteur Institute and the Museum of Natural History of Paris. He will start from Saint Malo on a ship built especially for his use. Dr. Charcot believes that the

study of bacteriology may be aided greatly by analysis of air and water in the polar regions, and, above all, by examinations of the intestines of polar animals for "primary" microbes, which are so abundant in warm or temperate latitudes. A Professor Levin, it seems, disputes the existence of the polar microbes, and Dr. Charcot, therefore, is going up north to find out all about microbes within the frozen zone.

We are gratified to know that the General Assembly has extended an invitation to Dr. Fred H. Wines, of Washington, D. C., to deliver an address before that body on the subject of public charities. Dr. Wines was for thirty years secretary of the State Board of Charities of the State of Illinois, and is an authority on that subject. He was in Richmond during the late meeting of the Conference of Charities and Corrections, and made a most instructive talk before that organization. Of course, he has no selfish interest in the matter, but he believes that it would be of great benefit to Virginia to have a State Board of Charities, and he is prepared to demonstrate the fact. Whether or not anything comes of his visit, he will certainly give the General Assembly an entertaining address and more information on that subject than perhaps could be gained from any other man in the country.

Mr. A. J. Cassett, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in a statement made in New York on Tuesday said that with the Hudson River tunnels built, the Pennsylvania and the Long Island roads, both, will have terminals in New York.

"The capacity of the new station," he said, "will be 300,000 passengers a day, or 70,000,000 a year. From the west twenty to thirty trains an hour will be operated through the two tunnels, and to the eastward there will be double that capacity through the four tunnels, say from forty to sixty trains an hour. The construction of the tunnels and the station, which will be the greatest in the world, will cost something like \$60,000,000, and about \$10,000,000 has already been spent in the purchase of real estate and making of surveys."

The drop in English consols to about 81 is a noteworthy event. Issued as three per cent, securities in 1783, they fell to 52 in 1797. Their highest price was 112, which was reached in 1897.

In 1887 the interest rate was reduced to two and three-quarters. On April 5th next they became two and a half per cent, securities. With the income tax deducted they will pay only two and three-eighths per cent.

The fall is attributed to the high rate of money and the forthcoming loan of \$150,000,000—one of the penalties of the Boer war.

Miss Alice Roosevelt is a fortunate girl. Youth, health, position and unbounded capacity to enjoy the good things of life are her portion. And if she is fond of admiration, that, too, she has without stint. But few of her wishes are denied her. She couldn't go to King Edward's coronation, which was distressing, but she has not had much time to brood over that disappointment. At present Miss Roosevelt is in San Juan, Porto Rico, where people are giving her a great ovation. Handshaking down there seems to be as much a custom as it is in this country, and being the daughter of a politician, Miss Alice undergoes it bravely.

Nearly all important street paving in London and Paris is now done with wooden blocks—usually Georgia yellow pine, treated with creosote to prevent decay and filled with rosin (vulcanized, as it were), to make them impervious and to harden the texture. None of this treatment was given the wooden blocks which were used twenty-five years ago, and which soon grew into disfavor. The Rue Rivoli in Paris, which is said to be the heaviest traveled street in the world, being eight times as much traveled as Broadway, New York, has the modern wooden pavement, which is laid on a concrete foundation.

The New Orleans Playhouse is publishing by instalments, on Sundays, the report made by Judge George L. Christian, of this city, to the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia in justification of the South's struggles for independence. The Playhouse gives the report the leading position in its department devoted to war history and reminiscences.

There is a plenty of whiskey in Farmville belonging to the saloon men and to the dispensary, but owing to the dead-end and some other locks, the thrifty cannot reach it.

The Burdick investigation shows that the police station at least one scent—the cocktail bottle which is figuring so prominently in the hearing before the coroner.

Richmond prices of meat would seem to indicate that the Armour and the Swifts are getting even on those heavy fines recently imposed on them in Mississippi.

Dr. Parkhurst says General Funston is a liar. The doctor will not find the General's reply in this week's Sunday-school literature.

Charleston does not mind Crom so very much, for he is a right decent sort of a negro, but it was the principle of the thing that caused all the trouble.

Colonel Bryan is said to have greatly enjoyed serving on the jury, and is now hankering after a job on the public road.

The weather yesterday was the kind to remove that tired feeling which had been accumulating since Sunday last.

Crum may be the "door of hope," but Senator Tillman will see to it that he does not look out all the trouble.

The Vanderbilts' mishap will, of course, make automobile accidents all the more popular.

Castro is not making a great success at playing 'possum.

Are you glad you didn't take off your winter underwear?

Half Hour With Virginia Editors.

Discussing our needs in the way of sea fighters, the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot says:

The powers of Europe cannot combine for anything—not even for theft and plunder. What this country needs, and what it is going to have, is a navy capable of standing off Germany or England, or even both, with the superior advantage of convenient naval bases.

The Petersburg Index-Appel is responsible for the following:

Fred Duke, the unfortunate white man of Hanover, who, while under the influence of drink, fell in a ditch and died there, has the distinction of a death sentence which is said to have befallen Shakespeare. Duke himself cannot enjoy the honor, but he can transmit it to his posterity, and many ancestors have made their posterity proud on less honestly earned distinction.

The Newport News Press evidently feels the need of shade. It says:

Arbor Day should be generally celebrated throughout the State. Trees are a source of unspokeable pleasure and of vast profit. Let Newport News fall into line on the Arbor Day proposition.

The Irvington Clifton says:

We know from actual experience that local option has had a wonderful effect as a deterrent upon crime within our own county confines; and, if here, why not elsewhere? In this we are aided by knowledge of the facts and not from comparisons, where the cases are not parallel.

Just what the Wytheville Dispatch is striking at is partially veiled, but here is what it says:

It is impossible to please a Virginia Republican. We don't suppose the Democrats ever busy themselves in an attempt at such a thing, but it is possible to give them everything they ask for, and no words of commendation will ever fall from their lips.

FEW FOREIGN FACTS.

The Pope.

The Pope, although not actually ill, never has been well since the coronation ceremony of March 3d. His strength is daily declining to such a point that he feels exhausted after even his short audiences. His mental faculties are worn and feeble, and he realizes himself the sudden change, and makes no secret of the knowledge. He has been heard to say, "My race is almost run."

Unusual Event.

King Edward VII. has sent the decoration of St. Michael and St. George to the Rev. Father Hecht, of the Oblates of St. Ignace, a missionary in South Africa. The event is said to be without a parallel. The Order of St. Michael and St. George numbers only 260 members, confined to princes of the royal blood and great dignitaries of the English court. In admitting Father Hecht to membership King Edward has desired to express the appreciation of England for the care given by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate to the wounded during the war in the Transvaal.

Socialist Mayor.

The city of Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, has just elected a Socialist mayor. He is a workman named Jensen, and a painter by trade. For some time he has been the president of the Danish trade union. After his election he was met outside the city hall by a procession of 1,000 Socialists, with torches and bands. They conducted him through the crowded streets, which were lined with cheering masses of workmen, to the People's Hall, where a fete on a grand scale was held. Mayor Jensen is the first Socialist to gain such high honor in Denmark.

Tipped the Lord Provost.

The Lord Provost of Glasgow, who is what we would call Mayor in Virginia, told at a dinner recently how he was tipped by an American sightseer. A party of tourists from the United States were viewing the splendid municipal chambers in Glasgow and were especially enthusiastic about the great marble staircase. The Lord Provost happened to pass and offered to guide them about. While doing so he gave them some interesting information about the hall and growth of his interesting city. As he was leaving one of the Americans quietly slipped a half dollar into his hand. The provost had not recovered from his amazement when the Americans left the building.

Muster Rolls of Virginia.

Chase City, Va., March 24, 1903. Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—In the Acts of the General Assembly of Virginia, 1883-84, there is "an act to provide for the preparation of rolls of troops furnished by the State to the United States army of the Confederate States," approved March 13, 1884. This duty was imposed upon the Adjutant-General, and \$1,500 appropriated for the work. It also provided "that the said rolls, when so prepared, shall be transcribed or printed into permanent book form and kept in the office of the Adjutant-General, and such rolls shall be filed in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth and be preserved with the records of said office."

"That the said rolls shall be placed on sale, the proceeds of which shall be placed in the treasury of the State." Was anything ever accomplished under this act? There is no doubt a great many rolls filed away in the office, which could be made available for the work proposed by the United States government.

Remember being in the office of Col. McDonald in 1884 when he was either Adjutant-General or Secretary of the Commonwealth, and asked him what success he had in securing rolls of troops, and he replied, "I am getting on very well in that line," and exhibited to me a number he had in possession and filed away. There were some written out and some in local newspapers, and seemed to have been prepared with great care and completeness.

THOMAS D. JEFFERSON.

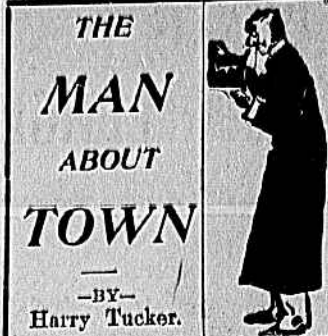
Chase City, Va., March 24, 1903. Under that act some little progress was made in collecting our rolls, and we believe the rolls so collected are on file in the Adjutant-General's office here, and we doubt not that they will be placed at the disposal of the War Records office.

The government can make use of none but OFFICIAL rolls; rolls made up from memory will be unavailable. Many "official" rolls we are sure are in the hands of Virginians who are keeping them as souvenirs. The War Records officials would like to have the loan of them and would copy them and return the original to the present owners.

Georgia Spring Item.

"Run here, daddy-Jimmy's done felled in the well!"

"Too bad!" exclaimed the old man, "and I wanted him to dig bait for me this mornin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.



DAILY CALENDAR—MARCH 20.

1903—Captain Bob Wright wrote a little place.

1903—Got it in the papers.

We never could understand why people sprinkled salt on top of a glass of beer.

Still, there are a whole lot of things we can't understand.

For instance, we can't understand why so many pretty girls in Manchester, who could be followed by the others, remain single, when there are so many likely young men ready to work for them.

And we can't see why there are so many people who prefer to stand on a street car platform rather than go inside and sit down.

But, and so forth, and so on. One day Burgamlin attempted to tell us why they put salt on the top of beer.

He said that as beer was made of a vegetable product, and as salt was a good thing to put on vegetables, it was also good to put on beer.

"And salt is used extensively," he said, "to temper the harshness of everything. Whenever you take a beer, be sure you put salt on it."

Now we understand.

We are always overlooking the main chance.

Now, we get a note, on scented paper, in a feminine hand, asking us to meet her and resume our friendly relationship that existed prior to the advent of the Brown Eyed One into our sphere.

She is well fixed in this world's goods, and promises to leave us some when we die.

We have to overlook it, for we would rather go into qual on toast and pate de foie gras than to once more get under the influence of those eyes that turned us down years ago.

We wish the Legislature would hurry up and do something, for we want to get the City Council to grant us a certain charter which can't be granted until the Legislature does so.

We are a fine charter-getter, and we are depending on the charter we have in our mind to a great extent, and have already spent some of the proceeds that we expect to get.

What's the Legislature here for?

Personal and General.

President Loubet will arrive in Algeria on April 16th, for his forthcoming visit.

Wilfrid Marie Alk, of Barvaria, who is now nineteen years old, is conceded to be the most beautiful princess in Europe.

Rush C. Hawkins, of New York, will erect an art museum in Providence, R. I., near Brown University, as a memorial to his wife.

Rev. Edward Warren Clark, foster-father of Rev. Francis E. Clark, founder of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, died last week at Westboro, Mass.

Mrs. Robert Goulet, of New York, will endow an American bed in the Victoria Hospital, in memory of her daughter, at Cannes, France. The only other American bed in the hospital was endowed by Andrew Carnegie five years ago.

Rev. Louis E. Durr is rector of the Episcopal Church at Zanesville, O., said to be the smallest church in the United States, being 24 feet wide and 45 feet long.

Elmer D. Lindsey, of Marion, O., is believed to hold the world's record for membership in the Odd-Fellows. He entered Kosciusko Lodge, No. 3, in 1840, being, then, in the fifty-seventh year of his membership. He is eighty-two years old.

Our North Carolina friends are very much interested in the Jamestown Exposition. The Newbern Journal closes a long article on the subject with this paragraph:

The Jamestown Exposition. Is not a sectional exhibit; it is one in which the people of Virginia should all be interested, from the mountaineer to the seashore, and along such a wide area of interest, it is not surprising that it should attract so many people to it. It is a great success, which it cannot fail being, if there be untidy of thought, action and purpose.

The Wilmington Star truly says: While the South is most directly and vitally interested in the solution of the race problem, every other section of the country is also interested in it, for the South cannot be kept in turmoil and her progress retarded without other sections being affected. The different sections of the country are too closely related and too mutually dependent for one to suffer without the others suffering more or less.

The Charlottesville Observer notes a change of sentiment, and says: While we are of the opinion that Cleveland will never again be a candidate for the presidency, his growing popularity, especially in the South, is a good sign. It marks the dissolution and the destruction of the popular idea which swept over this section a few years ago. It will soon be so that a man in any part of the State may declare that The Old Man is all right, and that running the risk of having it said that he is in league with the plutocrats.

Opening for a Veto. We join our esteemed local contemporary, The Times-Dispatch, in the hope expressed this morning that the Governor will veto the bill forbidding the employment of non-resident superintendents of schools by any man who has written a school book or the appointment of such a man as a member of the State Board of Education. This bill has passed both houses of the Legislature 50 yeas and 40 nays, and was not debated, and apparently it attracted no good purpose it would accomplish. It is not at all likely that any man would become a member of the Board of Education for the purpose of writing a school book or securing its selection for use in the schools. Such action would create a scandal immediately, and conditions in Virginia are such that no man invites scandal or undertakes to defy public sentiment in State affairs. On the other hand, it is easy to see how the bill may work serious harm. It may deprive the State of the services of some very valuable and thoughtful men. It puts the man who has the mind and the practical knowledge to prepare a school book absolutely under a veto, as if he had done a disgraceful thing or made himself a public enemy. It ought not to be on the statute books. Nobody can stop it now but the Governor. It offers as fair a target for a veto as any act of legislation we have seen in a long time.—Richmond News Leader.

THE MAIN ABOUT TOWN.

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CHAPTER XIV.

As they approached the dismantled hulk Brent looked for a safe boarding-place, but there was so much wreckage and loose stuff on the side nearest the schooner, that he steered under the stern and rounded to on the starboard quarter.

"Here is our chance," he cried. "It is clear water and comparatively quiet. Make fast, boys!"

The boys hooked onto the taffrail, and in a few moments Brent and Fitzmorris, with two or three of the men, had found a footing on the deck.

"Not a soul was to be seen, but suddenly a hoarse voice over their heads shouted: 'What yer want?'

Brent and the others started with surprise, as the voice came from no one place that could hide a man.

"Well, I'm blowed!" exclaimed one of the sailors in an awe-stricken voice. "The old hulk is haunted."

"That's no ghost's voice," cried Brent. "What yer want? What yer want? Hello, there! What yer want?" yelled the voice again.

"There's your ghost!" exclaimed Fitzmorris, pointing with his free hand to the poop deck aft.

All hands looked up in the direction which he indicated, and there, perched on the rail, was a large green parrot gazing wisely down at them.

"I'm glad we've found where you are, old chap!" cried Brent, as he climbed the ladder and stepped on to the deck. The parrot uttered a little, but did not seem frightened.

"Hello!" it said, as the captain reached the deck.

"Hello," he replied. "We've come on deck to see the ship," he continued with a half-laugh, and at the same time touching his hat with mock gravity.

"For God's sake, what's that?" said the parrot, looking up at the spot where the two men stood.

"He stopped," containing a pair of large, dark, sunken eyes, set in a parched, wrinkled old face, peered around the deckhouse at him.

"Is a monkey?" exclaimed Fitzmorris as he looked over the other's shoulder. "So it is! Blessed if it didn't give me a start, just the same. Well, we have the parrot and the monkey," he continued with a laugh; "all we need is the kind of a time that is said by history to go with them in order to complete the whole thing."

"We may get it before we have finished," said the governor-general, "I have seen you surprised so far in a short space of time; they say all things go in threes, so we need but one more to complete the chain."

"By gad, if we have any more such things looking around the corners at me, I shall have the willy-waggies!" exclaimed Brent.

"The what?" cried Fitzmorris. "The willy-waggies, jumps, jim-jams, anything you choose to call 'em," replied the other, with a shrug.

"Ah, I see. Well, I do not know as I can blame you. Is there anything more alive at there?"

"No, this spider monkey seems to be all there is, and the little devil seems sociable enough," said Brent, as he stepped down and patted the small round head.

The monkey put up its hands and clasped the captain's wrist as it looked wistfully at him.

"By George!" exclaimed Fitzmorris. "If that isn't about as human as they make them! It makes me crawl sometimes to see them."

"Thank you, you are